

Arrangements for War, by Paul Sutton

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who Audio Drama, released May 2004

[Part One]

DOCTOR: No, I don't always win.

(Internal door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn, how are you?

EVELYN: I've been thinking, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes, so have I, and I have an excellent idea. Here.

(Moves chair.)

EVELYN: No, thank you. I'll stand.

DOCTOR: Not on ceremony, I hope.

EVELYN: Don't make light of this, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, truly, I'm really not trying to.

EVELYN: I've spent the last few hours just thinking about things. About Cassie, and what happened to her. And about your manner.

DOCTOR: I can't change what happened. I never can. True, I may, in the past, have found myself the catalyst for events, but I cannot just go back and change what's already happened just to suit myself.

EVELYN: I know that, Doctor. I'm not a fool.

DOCTOR: No, I'm sorry, of course you're not.

EVELYN: But I still need time to think things through. You've had more experience at this kind of thing. I can't just switch the emotions on and off between battles for the universe.

DOCTOR: Is that what you think I do, Evelyn?

EVELYN: I'm sorry, Doctor, I just thought

DOCTOR: Do you want some time on your own, some time apart? Is that it?

EVELYN: I'm not sure.

DOCTOR: Do you want to leave me?

EVELYN: I didn't think so. I don't know

DOCTOR: I'd hate to think that there could be anything irreconcilable between us. Listen, there's a place I've frequented oft before when the need has come to relax. The Eye of Orion. We can walk. *You* can walk. Alone. It's not unlike the English South Downs. Not so many sheep.

EVELYN: No, Doctor. I don't want to just relax. I want to do things with the time that I've got left.

DOCTOR: The time that you've got left?

EVELYN: None of us is getting any younger, are we?

DOCTOR: Oh, of course. Of course.

EVELYN: I want to be somewhere where we don't have to get involved. At least, not in an exhausting way. I need time to think.

DOCTOR: Well, we'll be involved just by being anywhere. As my old friend Schrödinger used to say, the act of observation itself can change the observed act.

EVELYN: Oh Doctor, I've had enough of this avoidance and pedantry. Perhaps I do want some time alone. Yes. Find me an interesting period, somewhere, anywhere. Somewhere where you don't have to help the underdog or rally the resistance. Somewhere I can just be, and talk to people, to learn.

DOCTOR: An admirable sentiment. Yes, I'll find you somewhere. How long would you like to stay?

EVELYN: I don't know. I'll be in my room.

(Wood moving against wood, then music.)

KRISZTINA: When she was young, she slept all day. She'd only wake to eat or play. When she was older she slept till noon.

(Knock on door.)

KRISZTINA: With half the time for game or tune.

(Door opens.)

KRISZTINA: And now she rises with the sun.

(Door closes.)

KRISZTINA: Time filled with work. No time for fun.

(Closes music box.)

KRISZTINA: Governor Rossiter.

ROSSITER: Princess Krisztina. I apologise for startling you, but er

KRISZTINA: But it is time to attend the announcement.

ROSSITER: Yes, Princess. That particular verse was a favourite of my daughter's when she was a little girl.

KRISZTINA: She told me.

ROSSITER: It always made her cry, but she would always have me sing it again.

KRISZTINA: It is about the end of childhood, about growing up and facing one's duty and responsibilities. Will I have the honour of your escort, Governor?

ROSSITER: I'm afraid not, Princess. I must introduce the proceedings. I believe a Trooper has been stationed by the lift to escort you down. He will also attend you in the carriage during the procession through the city. I believe there are a million of your subjects outside the Palace alone.

(She starts the music box again.)

KRISZTINA: Tell me, do you think it would still make Sophia cry?

ROSSITER: Her father's too old now to carry the tune, I fear.

KRISZTINA: Nevertheless, I'm sure she would still like to hear it. I shall finish dressing, Governor. Please make your introductions in your own time.

ROSSITER: Your Highness.

(Distant cheering crowd.)

SUSKIND: I suggest, Mortund, we get this farce over with. When does Rossiter intend to begin?

MORTUND: Plenipotentiary Suskind, I'm afraid I have to protest once again at your attitude.

SUSKIND: My attitude. Protest all you like, but I still, I think, have autonomy left to possess my own opinions.

MORTUND: Then if not of your attitude, of its public display.

SUSKIND: We may not see eye to eye politically, Paramount Minister, but I'd have thought even Rossiter would agree this is nothing more than glitz for the cameras.

MORTUND: The cameras are here for our benefit, not we for theirs. We've been over and over this in committee for years, Suskind. It's been decided. It is the only course left to us. What would you prefer? Does it suit you to have our countries warring?

SUSKIND: There is at least a dignity in war. This is nothing but showmanship. Does anyone really think this, this sham of a marriage, a paper-thin bond, will unite us?

MORTUND: Your opposition has been noted. But I tell you again that its public expression serves only to fuel the demonstrations, both here in Galen and Melendia too.

SUSKIND: The demonstrations only go to prove my opinions to be correct. No one, either in Galen or in Melendia, will recognise this union. This fawning crowd is representative of no one.

MORTUND: Yours is a lone voice, Suskind. Your own Melendian cabinet voted against you.

ROSSITER: Gentlemen, I think they're ready for us.

MORTUND: Thank you, Governor Rossiter. A marriage between the Prince and Princess will go ahead, Plenipotentiary. Our kingdoms will be allied. The fighting will stop.

(Leaves.)

SUSKIND: Your kingdom alliance will not outlast the day, Paramount Minister.

(Beeps, door opens. A voice speaks through a faceplate, making it sound slightly mechanical.)

REID: Your Highness.

LIFT: City level selected.

(Loud cheers. Tapping on microphone.)

ROSSITER: Subjects of Galen. As Governor of the Republic of Kozapen, I know only too well that my people share a border with both yourselves and the people of Melendia. For centuries my predecessors have watched your two great kingdoms locked needlessly in violent and tragic disagreement. Disagreement that has seen land and lives lost on either side. But from today all that will truly become something for the history books.

(Cheers.)

KRISZTINA: Trooper.

REID: Yes, Your Highness.

KRISZTINA: What do you think of all this? The alliance, the end of the war, the arranged marriage?

REID: I think, Your Highness, it is not my place to think.

KRISZTINA: I didn't mean to offend you, Trooper. I simply wanted your opinion as a fighting man. Have you been posted along the border?

REID: Yes.

KRISZTINA: Then you've seen people die.

REID: Yes, Princess. I've also made them die.

(Lift stops.)

LIFT: Descent arrested.

KRISZTINA: Then tell me how you feel about this kingdom alliance. How will it affect you?

REID: How will your marriage affect me? Can I ask you something before I answer?

KRISZTINA: Of course.

REID: Is it true what some of the news media have been saying, that you do not love Prince Viktor. That the Prince himself has sacrificed his own relationship to marry you.

KRISZTINA: It's no secret in Galen or in any other country. The wedding is a symbol. Our marriage will be a political expediency. Our children will be an insurance policy.

REID: Then you don't want to marry the Prince.

KRISZTINA: What I want, Trooper, and what I have the opportunity to do for my country, are entirely different things. This marriage will save lives. Or at least, I suppose it will. I asked you for your opinion on that matter, and you haven't given it to me. Well? Is this a charade or am I preventing thousands of deaths?

REID: I think you should not marry a man you don't love.

KRISZTINA: It's hardly as simple as that, Trooper.

REID: Yeah, well, you always did overcomplicate things.

KRISZTINA: What did you say?

REID: I think we should continue, Princess Krisztina. The Governor will be announcing you soon.

KRISZTINA: You seem to have lost the name patch from your uniform.

REID: Sometimes we remove them, Your Highness. Superstition.

KRISZTINA: But you can tell me your name, can't you, Trooper.

REID: We should leave, Princess.

LIFT: Descent re-engaged.

REID: It is my duty to take you to the procession at the allotted time.

LIFT: Descent arrested.

KRISZTINA: Tell me your name.

REID: You're not helping, Princess.

KRISZTINA: Is that your only duty, Trooper, to take me to the procession?

REID: Your Highness.

KRISZTINA: Isn't it your duty to stay with me throughout the procession?

REID: Princess.

KRISZTINA: Why won't you tell me your name? Isn't it your duty to stand between me and those demonstrators who believe I am betraying my country? Isn't it your duty to stand between me and a bullet?

REID: Krisztina. I will defend your life with my own. But not because it's my duty. (removes helmet) It's my wish.

KRISZTINA: Marcus! You (slap!)

ROSSITER: So it has fallen to me, as independent arbitrator of the talks for the cessation of war, to formally announce to your two great kingdoms, and indeed to all the nations of Vilåg, the means by which peace will be brought to us this day.

(Cheers almost drowning him out.)

ROSSITER: I refer, of course. I refer, of course to the marriage between Krisztina, Princess of Galen, and Viktor, Prince and heir to the throne of Melendia. This marriage officially marks, officially marks the birth of the Kingdom Alliance, uniting your people in politics as in blood

(Multiple explosions.)

REID: Krisztina.

KRISZTINA: I'm okay.

REID: Let me see. Apart for five years, and after five minutes back together, the entire world seems to want us dead.

KRISZTINA: You're going to wish you were dead if we ever get out of this alive.

SUSKIND: Now, Morten, will you believe that your pathetic union is not wanted?

MORTEN: You surprise me by still being here, Plenipotentiary. I'm certain the rats left some time ago.

ROSSITER: Princess! Princess! Krisztina!

(Knock on door.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Evelyn? I've found somewhere. We're on the way.

EVELYN: Oh, for goodness sake come in, Doctor. You make me feel like a child that refuses to come down for tea.

DOCTOR: Ah. Walking boots after all. They're very nice.

EVELYN: So where am I going?

DOCTOR: Ah yes, going. The planet Vilàg. No underdogs, no need of intervention. Doctor's honour.

EVELYN: Will I look out of place?

DOCTOR: No, shouldn't think so.

EVELYN: Anything I need to know?

DOCTOR: Ah, yes. May I?

EVELYN: Be my guest.

DOCTOR: Ah, well, er, now. Vilàg. It has a single landmass, which at present is divided between three countries. The two largest, Galen and Melendia, are monarchies. The actual legislative power of both sovereignties has relatively recently passed into symbolism, but the families themselves are still revered and looked to as role models if not policy makers.

EVELYN: Makes a change from footballers and half-naked twelve year old pop stars.

DOCTOR: Indeed. I thought we'd land in Galen, a little after the announcement of the Kingdom Alliance, the union of these two, well, superpowers, for the want of a fresher term. They've been at war for a century or so, but the proverbial bird of peace has just landed upon their shores.

EVELYN: And we won't need to take this bird of peace under our own wing.

DOCTOR: Exactly. Oh, there will have been some violent anti-alliance demonstrations in both countries, of course, but the worst of these, an attack on the Galen palace itself, happened oh er more than a week ago, relative to our arrival.

EVELYN: Anywhere on the continent I should avoid in the immediate future?

DOCTOR: Where were you thinking of going?

EVELYN: I wasn't thinking of going anywhere. I just might end up somewhere.

DOCTOR: Oh, quite. Well, actually, that's the really interesting bit. In about a month, a race called the Killorans will invade the planet quite unexpectedly. Nasty lot. Run into them once or twice before. Humanoid with canine overtones, all angry and bestial.

EVELYN: I don't think I'll learn much in the middle of an invasion, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh no, no, no, no, we'll leave long before then. With the formation of the Alliance, Galen and Melendia will have stopped fighting each other and stand together to sling-shot the Killorans straight back out into space. Nothing for us to do at all. I thought we could just experience the eventual coming together in peace of two old family houses. We'll have a good five or six weeks before the fireworks start.

EVELYN: And just what is it that's made these two monarchies stop trying to poke each other's eyes out?

DOCTOR: Oh, something and nothing, I expect. Something about an arranged marriage, I think. Well, that's not the point. All we have to do is turn up and wander around. Well, what do you say?

EVELYN: Aren't you coming to see me off?

DOCTOR: Wait. Evelyn. Don't leave like this.

(The Tardis materialises by a fountain. Door opens.)

EVELYN: Mmm, thank you, Doctor. This seems just the ticket.

DOCTOR: (approaching) Evelyn, wait. Oh, botanic gardens, I assume. Perhaps I should leave my coat. Evelyn, have you seen all this wonderful flora? The flowers, they're making, well, sounds like music as you pass them. That's unique, I expect. Probably. Evelyn? Wait a minute.

EVELYN: I need some time away from you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, wait for me. Oh, what can I do, Doctor Smythe? What can I do? We're close to the palace. The gardens are open to the public. You shouldn't have any trouble. I'll just amuse myself then, shall I?

(Sounds of hammering.)

MORTUND: Governor Rossiter, how are your injuries?

ROSSITER: Injuries be damned, Mortund. Look to your own. I've come to see Krisztina, again. Am I to be permitted this time?

MORTUND: The Princess is recovering well, Governor, and Galen thanks you for your country's concern.

ROSSITER: I'm not here as a representative of my country, man. How is the girl?

MORTUND: She's currently unavailable.

ROSSITER: Oh, for pity's sake, Mortund. I've just come to see if Krisztina's okay, one friend to another.

MORTUND: Of course. It seems she's decided to take a turn round the gardens. The maid assumes she wished to supervise the clean-up operations.

ROSSITER: Is she alone?

MORTUND: There's no cause for alarm. All the demonstrators were apprehended, as you know, and security arrangements are in place.

ROSSITER: Oh, I'll find the poor girl myself.

EVELYN: (breathless) Oh, stupid, stupid old woman, racing off like that just to prove a point. And in this heat. Ah! Oh! Start acting your age. Now, ah!

KRISZTINA: (echoing) Hello? Hello? Are you all right? Can I help you? Can you hear me? Can you hear me?

DOCTOR: (quoting Tennyson) Yet pull not down my palace towers that are so lightly, beautifully built. Perchance I may return with others there when I have purged my guilt. Hmm. I suppose I could find my own Tower of Art and sit in contemplation. Perhaps that would put the smile back on Doctor Smythe's face. Or, why contemplate in a tower, when one can do it whist fishing?

(By running water, pebbles are splashing into it.)

DOCTOR: Oh, fool. You'll scare away all the, well, whatever comprises the dominant indigent piscean species. Hey, young man. Would you cease doing that? You're scaring the fish.

REID: What?

DOCTOR: Oh, military man, I see.

REID: Off duty.

DOCTOR: And you thought you'd come down here to do a spot of stone-skimming, eh?

REID: Hmm?

DOCTOR: Your name, perhaps?

REID: Reid. Corporal, 125727.

DOCTOR: Pleased to meet you. I'm the Doctor and this, oh no. So, 125727, I thought you were off duty.

REID: What? Oh yes, sorry, Doctor. Marcus Reid.

DOCTOR: Well, Marcus Reid, do you know how many millions of years it took for those stones to reach land? And you've just chucked them back in. You're a geologist's nightmare.

(Evelyn wakes.)

KRISZTINA: It's okay. You're all right. If you can stand, I think we should move you over into the shade. You were too close to the flowers. They can be quite intoxicating at this time of year.

EVELYN: Flowers? I felt disorientated.

KRISZTINA: I'm sorry, are you a tourist? The Zenablossoms. When a strong enough wind blows across them, it causes vibrations and harmonics. It can even be hypnotising to old

EVELYN: To old people.

KRISZTINA: That was tactless of me.

EVELYN: Not at all, my dear. Can you see my handbag? Plenty of things are reminding me of my age these days. Why shouldn't you make one more?

KRISZTINA: Here. Are you ill?

EVELYN: Thank you. Er, not so that I care to think about it at the moment. Now, my name is Evelyn Smythe. Thank you very much indeed, young lady, for helping me.

KRISZTINA: You're very welcome.

EVELYN: And you are?

KRISZTINA: I'm terribly sorry, that was so rude. I'm afraid I assumed you recognised me. My name's Krisztina Prain.

EVELYN: Well, Krisztina, I'm happy to have met you. May I ask why I should have recognised you? Should I have seen your latest movie, perhaps?

KRISZTINA: I'm not a celebrity, if that's what you mean. I'm the Princess of Galen.

EVELYN: Gosh. Then it's I who must apologise. I've been moving around rather a lot lately. Not staying put in one place for any decent length of time can make one seem rather ignorant in certain circumstances.

ROSSITER: Princess, I thought I saw you. Oh, my goodness, madam. Are you all right? Can I be of assistance?

EVELYN: Princess Krisztina has been looking after me wonderfully. But thank you.

KRISZTINA: Just Krisztina, please. Evelyn, this is Governor Rossiter.

ROSSITER: Charmed to make your acquaintance, madam. I like your boots.

EVELYN: Thank you. The pleasure's all mine, I'm sure.

KRISZTINA: Governor, I find suddenly I am late for an appointment. I wonder if you would escort Evelyn back to the Palace for me. Evelyn, I hope I'll get back before you have to leave. I would very much like us to get to know one another better.

EVELYN: I should like that too, Krisztina.

ROSSITER: Princess, I know who your appointment is with.

KRISZTINA: You do?

ROSSITER: You used to write to Sophia about him, years ago, before he left for the Army. You told her all about Marcus Reid. When I told her the name of the Trooper who'd rescued you from the lift, well, she tried to hide it, but I'm afraid I made her tell me everything.

KRISZTINA: Whatever your daughter may remember from our childhood correspondence, Governor, I assure you, you do not know everything.

ROSSITER: Krisztina, I know that you still love this man, but you cannot, for the sake of your country

KRISZTINA: Don't presume to lecture me on my duty, Governor. And to complete your knowledge about my affairs, I shall tell you that yes, I am now going to meet Marcus, but it is only with the intention of telling him that we can never see each other again. I know where my responsibilities lie, Governor. I would expect this kind of treatment from Plenipotentiary Suskind, not from you. (leaves.)

EVELYN: Oh dear.

ROSSITER: I seem to have been rather a fool.

EVELYN: Hmm. Come on, you'd better take me to the Palace.

(Alarms.)

REID: You know, I'm not sure, but I think the idea is to open the hatch.

KRISZTINA: Well, it's reassuring to know that your sense of humour has remained as sophisticated as it ever was.

REID: Let me blast the bloody thing.

KRISZTINA: And risk cutting the cable and sending us crashing to our deaths? I'd like to die in your arms, sweetheart, but I wasn't figuring on doing it for another seventy years or so.

REID: Did we get married and no one told me?

(Hatch finally battered open.)

REID: Right, can you pull yourself through?

KRISZTINA: (effort) I can, but how will you get up?

REID: Don't worry about me. What can you see?

KRISZTINA: It's dark, but there's a crack of light.

(Gunshots in distance.)

KRISZTINA: The cable's cut half through and frayed. It's unravelling itself. We're just under one of the floors. I can reach up to the bottom of the lip of the doors easily, but I don't know if

REID: Krista!

KRISZTINA: I'm okay. It was just the hatch. I think I can prise the doors apart.

REID: Here.

(Big efforts, grating metal, alarms now louder.)

REID: You first.

KRISZTINA: Give me your hand.

REID: Behind you, two of them. Get down!

(Shots, gurgles.)

KRISZTINA: Marcus, get out of there!

REID: My gun!

KRISZTINA: Forget it. Give me your hand.

(More effort.)

REID: Thanks.

ROSSITER [OC]: Krisztina!

REID: I need to see you again.

KRISZTINA: When?

REID: I'll wait for you every evening on our bridge. Remember?

KRISZTINA: Of course I remember.

ROSSITER: Thank the heavens you're alive. You're face, you're bleeding.

KRISZTINA: I'll be okay, Governor.

ROSSITER: What's your name, Trooper?

REID: Reid, Corporal, 125727, sir.

ROSSITER: Damn fine job, Reid. Now let's get the hell out of here.

DOCTOR: And so you rescued this young lady, an old flame, no less, from the besieged Palace, and now want to live happily ever after. Three, four, five. Ah ha! My lead, I believe.

(They are competing at skimming stones.)

DOCTOR: What's to stop you? You seem like a healthy enough chap to me.

REID: It's not that simple. I haven't told you the whole story.

DOCTOR: Nonsense. Oh, I expect your parents don't like her, or she comes from the wrong kind of family, or some such.

REID: Well, it is to do with her family.

DOCTOR: Arrant nonsense. Listen, Marcus. A friend and I were just quarrelling about. Well, anyway, my point is that we all have choices, and no matter how much we may want to we can never go back and undo the actions we've taken.

REID: So you have to be sure to always do the right thing.

DOCTOR: Well, no, that's not what I mean. Oh, bad luck. Rather, you have to be happy with what you do do. Or maybe not happy. Comfortable. No, one has to be able to live with the consequences of one's actions.

REID: And your friend can't live with his?

DOCTOR: Hers. It's more the fact she can't live with mine. No, that's not it, exactly.

REID: She's not okay with the way you can. Live with them, I mean. The consequences of your actions.

DOCTOR: Yeah, that would seem to be the case.

REID: But the consequences of my actions could be so devastating.

DOCTOR: Which consequences can you live with? Those of doing nothing, or those of doing anything to be with the woman you are so obviously devoted to.

REID: But the cost.

DOCTOR: Oh, hang the cost. What you have to ask yourself is, are you the kind of person who can live with a decision that turns out to have devastating consequences?

REID: Like you.

DOCTOR: It's not as clear-cut as that.

REID: Doctor, you're right. All I wanted to do was see her one last time, to say goodbye properly this time. But you're right. If our love leads to war, then we have to accept those consequences. We may lose friendships, as you say you have done, but we will be together.

DOCTOR: Lead to war? I shouldn't think it would quite come to that.

REID: But it could. Krista is Princess Krisztina of Galen.

DOCTOR: What?

REID: It's been arranged for her to marry the Prince of Melendia. The whole Kingdom Alliance hangs on the ceremony.

DOCTOR: The arranged marriage?

KRISZTINA: Marcus?

REID: Krista.

DOCTOR: Oh, er

REID: I love you.

KRISZTINA: I know, but

REID: But nothing. I walked away from you once. I won't do it again.

KRISZTINA: We can't. We can't be together. Can we?

REID: We can do anything.

DOCTOR: Oh Doctor, what have you done? If they're found out, then the arranged marriage will be called off, the Alliance will break up, the war will start again, and when the Killorans arrive they'll tear this planet apart. And it'll all be my fault!

[Part Two]

(Turning pages. Dialling on a telephone.)

POKOL [OC]: Yes, Plenipotentiary Suskind, sir?

SUSKIND: Ah, is this line secure your end, Commander Pokol?

POKOL [OC]: Yes, sir.

SUSKIND: Good. Change of plan, Pokol. The idiot in charge of the Galen palace attack botched it, as

I'm sure you're aware. That irritating little bitch is still alive, and I nearly lost my head into the bargain.

POKOL [OC]: Disgraceful, sir. But things have pretty much gone as planned over here.

SUSKIND: Yes. Congratulations on your own activities, Commander. I've been following the Melendian news. Eighteen dead, wasn't it?

POKOL [OC]: That's correct, sir. All phase one operations are now complete. Me and the boys will go to ground as arranged.

SUSKIND: Actually, Commander, I want you and the boys here in Galen with me. I'll arrange a dozen visas. Your official status will be as my personal bodyguard, in light of recent events. Understood?

POKOL [OC]: Loud and clear, sir.

SUSKIND: I want the balance of power in this wretched country shifted. Get here as soon as you can, Pokol.

POKOL [OC]: Sir.

REID: But Krisztina, please listen.

KRISZTINA: No, Marcus. We can't do this. The last ten nights I've been lying awake just thinking about us. For the last ten evenings I've known that I could just walk down here and be with you. Things have changed. Our lives have changed. We're different people now.

DOCTOR: Quite right.

KRISZTINA: Who are you?

DOCTOR: Ah yes, pleased to meet you, Your Highness. I am known as the Doctor.

KRISZTINA: Are you indeed? I have to go.

REID: You don't feel the same about me now as you did five years ago?

KRISZTINA: I'm not saying that. Excuse me, Doctor, but this is a private conversation.

REID: Then you do.

DOCTOR: I'm terribly sorry, but Marcus here has been telling me all about your woes

KRISZTINA: Whether I do or not is irrelevant. I have a duty to perform.

REID: You have to prostitute yourself.

(Slap!)

KRISZTINA: How dare you!

REID: Will you stop doing that?

DOCTOR: I think that this is neither the time nor the place, hmm?

KRISZTINA: And just what business is it of yours?

REID: It's okay, he's with me.

KRISZTINA: Oh, that's all right, then.

DOCTOR: Princess, if I may, people are beginning to take notice of your contretemps, so I suggest we adjourn to somewhere a little more private, and continue this discussion there?

REID: We can go to the thermal baths.

KRISZTINA: Yes. They've been closed to the public for years.

DOCTOR: Then how do we get in?

REID: We know a way.

TROOPER: Sir.

ROSSITER: It's okay, Sergeant. Evelyn is a friend of the Princess, and I shall be escorting her into the Palace.

TROOPER: Very good, Governor Rossiter.

(Walking slowly.)

ROSSITER: I must say, I do find myself a little out of character, so to speak, calling you simply by your given name.

EVELYN: Well, let me assure you that you have not only my permission, but my firm insistence. Were you to call me Doctor Smythe, I'd feel as though I were back in the staff room at Hallam.

ROSSITER: Hallam?

EVELYN: Oh, a University, a long, long way from here.

ROSSITER: You're not a Doctor of Medicine?

EVELYN: No, history.

ROSSITER: Oh, good. I do so hate physicians. And you teach. I've often thought that a university campus must be such a stimulating environment.

EVELYN: It is. But I'm finding travelling so much more so.

ROSSITER: And do you miss it? The teaching, I mean.

EVELYN: Well, I think I've just about come to the end on my tenure. I miss the students, and the communication of ideas. I don't miss the politics.

ROSSITER: Ah.

EVELYN: Sorry, I should say campus politics, which is certainly far removed from actual politics. And indeed from politicians.

ROSSITER: That's quite all right, I quite understand.

EVELYN: The Palace is amazing. The ramparts and towers, it must be a hundred storeys high. It's quite a view from here. Oh, is that the Botanic Gardens? I really do apologise. I wasn't trying to take a cheap shot at politicians. That's such a crass thing to do and should firmly remain the purview of under-informed undergraduates. I really take quite an amateur interest in the subject.

ROSSITER: Have you ever considered standing for a local office?

EVELYN: No. I suspect I'm too idealistic for that. I would be one of those crushed by the wheels of others ambition.

ROSSITER: Well, perhaps you should reconsider. May I say that with your sincerity added to what little I know of your background, you've deprived us of a minor talent.

EVELYN: Flatterer. So if you're to call me Evelyn, I surely can't keep referring to you as Governor Rossiter.

ROSSITER: Ah, well, er, there we hit something of a snag, I'm afraid.

EVELYN: Oh?

ROSSITER: Even my late wife called me Rossiter, right up to the end.

EVELYN: Oh yes?

ROSSITER: Oh, yes. My mother, you see, was in many ways something of a cruel woman.

(Walking through water.)

DOCTOR: Look, I take it that this really is necessary? Only my socks are getting very soggy.

KRISZTINA: No one can see us here. The banks are too overgrown. And the stream flows through the baths, there.

DOCTOR: Oh, and the old grille blocking the entrance?

KRISZTINA: Has a loose bar.

REID: Which I loosened. We used to come here a lot.

(Echoing.)

KRISZTINA: Hardly appropriate information, Marcus.

REID: I remember this place.

KRISZTINA: I haven't been down here since you left.

REID: I should hope not.

KRISZTINA: Oh, I'm supposed to have stayed faithful to you, was I, after you disappeared?

REID: I did.

(Get out of the water. Not so much echo.)

KRISZTINA: It's even more beautiful than I remember it. That ceiling.

DOCTOR: Urgh. Oh, this is all my fault.

KRISZTINA: What is?

DOCTOR: Well, I do rather feel that it was my somewhat ill-advised comments that have led us here.

REID: But it's not your responsibility. It's ours.

DOCTOR: Perhaps, perhaps. But I feel my role has been one of instigator, and for that I am responsible.

REID: He's right in a way. I've been thinking for the last ten days too. I know you're right. I know you've got a duty to your country. You have to marry this Vincent guy.

KRISZTINA: Viktor. And he is the Prince of Melendia.

REID: Right, whatever. What I'm saying is that I agreed with you. In fact, before the Doc here came along, I was trying to think of ways to let you down gently, so that you wouldn't feel too devastated about having lost me for a second time.

KRISZTINA: Oh, you were, were you?

REID: But then the Doctor said something important.

DOCTOR: Oh, I doubt it was really of any consequence. You should probably just forget all about it.

REID: No, Doc, give yourself some credit. He said that the consequences we make, or the meaning of living with, deciding, well, I forget what it was he said exactly, but it made some damn sense to me then. Krista, you're more than just your duty.

KRISZTINA: Marcus.

REID: Do you love me?

KRISZTINA: Of course I love you. I've always loved you. I loved you five years ago.

REID: And five years ago I thought the way you're thinking now. Gardener's son in love with the Princess of the whole damn country. Stupid. It'll never happen. We said we loved each other, sure,

but it was never going to happen.

KRISZTINA: So you just ran away and joined the Army.

REID: Something would have stopped us being together.

KRISZTINA: Something like this.

REID: Yes. But now I know that none of that matters. It's the whole consequences thing.

DOCTOR: You have to be willing to live with the consequences of your action or inaction.

REID: Right. What he said. Thank you.

DOCTOR: Don't mention it.

REID: We can do it. We just have to have courage.

KRISZTINA: I have to marry Viktor.

REID: And I won't try and stop you. I understand you have to do and I understand why. But just don't say that we can never see each other again. That's all I ask.

KRISZTINA: Do you really think we could

DOCTOR: Look, perhaps there is a way. I have clearly had an influence on this young man's noble mind, and it's obvious that he's not going to give this up. I can help you.

KRISZTINA: How?

DOCTOR: Well, the formation of the Kingdom Alliance is of paramount importance.

KRISZTINA: Of course.

DOCTOR: Yet still you both want to be together?

REID: Right. Krisztina, I've thought of nothing else but you every day of my life since I left. You're all I am.

KRISZTINA: Oh, Marcus, I've missed you so much.

DOCTOR: Ahem. Well then, I suggest we make ourselves comfortable, because we have a lot to discuss.

COMMENTATOR: It has now been almost a month since the devastating attack on the Galen Palace, and while actual military confrontation has ceased between Galen and Melendia, cynics would point out that isolated acts of terrorism in both capitals have increased in frequency. In Melendia too there have been signs of sporadic violence, some seemingly more organised than others. Two weeks ago, the Galen Ambassador to Melendia was among eighteen killed in an horrific drive-by shooting whilst addressing the public in the Melendian capital. Since that event, Paramount Minister Mortund of Galen has himself taken up the ambassadorial reins in Melendia, and has been keen to stress that the fundamental principles of the formation of the Kingdom Alliance have not been harmed.

MORTUND: These are not acts of deliberation by one organisation that wishes to see the failure of the Alliance. Such talk is wild, unhelpful, and unsubstantiated.

WOMAN: How long do you intend to stay in Melendia, Paramount Minister?

WOMAN 2: Will any other members of the Cabinet be joining you in Melendia.

COMMENTATOR: Plenipotentiary Suskind, who remains in Galen, has made no further comment since his initial denunciation of the act, but perhaps the arrival a fortnight ago of what is apparently his armed personal body guard says enough about his opinion on the international political situation. Also still abroad is the newly appointed Special Envoy to Kozapen, Doctor Evelyn Smythe. She's been attending the latest round of consolidation talks, which ended earlier today.

EVELYN: I see my role as a purely advisory one. I'm not here to dictate policy. Please be careful where you're placing that microphone, young man.

MAN: Sorry, Doctor Smythe. Oh, nice boots, by the way.

COMMENTATOR: Said to be extremely close to Princess Krisztina, Doctor Smythe there creating quite a stir. And so to news of the Princess, and a new appointment of her own. The addition to the Royal retinue of the man known only as the Doctor has been greeted with approval on nearly all sides. But is he more than just an astronomy tutor?

DOCTOR: No, no, I don't have an official title. Tutor, advisor, PA. I just look upon myself as easing the burden of royal office in any small way I can.

COMMENTATOR: And yes, these pictures coming to us live from Galen. The Princess and the Doctor arriving at the front of the 27th Infantry barracks, where the Princess will this afternoon be presenting Corporal Marcus Reid with an award for bravery. I'm sure you'll all remember it was Marcus who rescued Princess Krisztina during the unsuccessful attack on the Palace four weeks ago. I can't see Plenipotentiary Suskind, but my information is that he has already arrived.

DOCTOR: Which is, after all, what war and conflict does.

SUSKIND: Look at him down there, Pokol. He seems such a buffoon, doesn't he? And yet

POKOL: I could still kill him, Plenipotentiary.

SUSKIND: With his murder traceable directly to me, no doubt. No, Commander. Now that you and your unit are out in the open, I think we have no option other than to continue with the subtle approach. You'll have to take over the monitoring. Here. I have to make an appearance at this wretched exhibition of ersatz jingoism in the Quad.

POKOL: I can't stand these things, sir. Never quite fit in your ear properly. So why are we bothering with the Doctor anyway?

SUSKIND: Because the Princess is too well-protected, Pokol. And if you cannot attack your enemy, attack those closest to him. I want something that will politically embarrass him. We still no nothing about that ridiculous blue box of his.

POKOL: It's just a shed, sir. He had it taken up to the Palace from the Botanic Gardens. I guess it's full of plants and stuff.

SUSKIND: Never guess, Commander, with a man like the Doctor.

POKOL: No, sir.

SUSKIND: Stay here. I've got work to do.

(Leaves.)

POKOL: Urgh. Uncomfortable damn thing.

EVELYN: That was wonderful.

ROSSITER: You were wonderful.

EVELYN: Well, I must say, I wasn't expecting all that press attention afterwards. We hardly got out alive.

ROSSITER: Your speech to the Council on the historical precedent was breathtaking.

EVELYN: Just common sense, really.

ROSSITER: But when you spoke, it was like you were discovering it yourself for the first time. Such passion.

EVELYN: Well, I love this apartment. You can just run off the terrace and onto the sand.

ROSSITER: Yours for as long as you want it. I'm glad Krisztina could talk you into coming back to Kozapen with me.

EVELYN: She seemed to think I could help her.

ROSSITER: But the Doctor didn't come with you.

EVELYN: He has his own business to take care of.

ROSSITER: Seems like a decent fellow. Have you known him long?

EVELYN: It's difficult to tell sometimes. What time's the video conference?

ROSSITER: Oh, it's more than an hour away yet. What would you like to do in the meantime?

EVELYN: I thought I'd run through some notes, actually.

ROSSITER: Excellent. We could work together, down on the beach.

EVELYN: You know, I think we've earned an hour on the beach. Notes be damned. Come on.

(Both laughing.)

(Phone rings. Answerphone clicks in.)

EVELYN [OC]: This is Galen special envoy Doctor Evelyn Smythe. Oh, how grand am I. Please leave a message.

DOCTOR [OC]: Evelyn, it's the Doctor again. I wish you'd return just one of my calls. I just wanted to speak to you alone before the video conference later. Everything is going better than I could have hoped. I don't think we'll have any problems when the (ahem) you know who arrive in oh, three weeks or so. Krisztina and I have just arrived at the barracks for the ceremony. Perhaps you'll watch the broadcast? I wish I could talk to you, Evelyn. They're so happy now that they're together. I wish I could share it with you.

(Sigh. Call ends.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn.

KRISZTINA: Doctor, there you are. I thought I'd lost you. Ah. Did you manage to speak with Evelyn?

DOCTOR: I miss her.

KRISZTINA: I know.

(They leave the room.)

KRISZTINA: Perhaps if I talked to her?

DOCTOR: Oh, thank you, Krista, but no. Doctor Smythe and I have things which can only be worked out between us. So then, today you will actually be seen with Marcus in public.

KRISZTINA: I still can't believe you managed to organise all this.

DOCTOR: From the moment the ceremony ends, Marcus will officially be assigned to the Palace

Guard. We'll still need to be careful, but you'll at least be able to see each other every day, and I'll be able to pass messages between you with far greater ease than I have been.

KRISZTINA: Do you have my letters for him?

DOCTOR: Safely tucked away in the homework you gave me this morning.

(Through another door.)

DOCTOR: Can I ask

KRISZTINA: If I've forgiven him? Of course you can ask. You can read the letters if you like.

DOCTOR: Goodness me no, no. I do know that he deeply regrets having left five years ago. But it was too much to cope with, knowing that one day it would all fall apart. It would have to. And seeing you every day, holding you, falling into the lake when you took the boat out at midnight.

KRISZTINA: He told you about that?

DOCTOR: Oh, my dear Krista, I suspect over the past weeks you have both (through another door) told me everything.

KRISZTINA: Come on. Brave the rain. That's the regimental anthem. I just saw Suskind come down the stairs, and Marcus'll already be out there on the podium.

DOCTOR: Well then, we can't keep the hero waiting.

KRISZTINA: That's a nice button-hole. It's fresh, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Indeed it is. How sweet of you to notice. Seems I share a love of flowers with one of the garden staff at the Palace. She gives me a new one every morning. This rose is rather becoming, I think.

KRISZTINA: Indeed it is.

DOCTOR: You little

SUSKIND: This is so undignified. Sitting under a bivouac in the freezing rain before a couple of thousand military cretins.

KRISZTINA: I shall take a seat, Doctor. Plenipotentiary.

DOCTOR: Plenipotentiary, how nice of you to come. And I thought I saw Pokol lurking around too?

SUSKIND: Commander Pokol is always close at hand. My, what a pretty flower you're wearing today.

DOCTOR: Oh, er, er, yes.

KRISZTINA: Corporal Reid, may I congratulate you on what you are about to receive?

REID: I er, I er

DOCTOR: I think it would be more appropriate if I sat between the two of you, Your Highness? Etiquette and all that. (sotto) I do believe your double entendre has turned the poor boy puce.

EVELYN: (breathless) You know, I really shouldn't be over-exerting myself like this.

ROSSITER: Nonsense. Sea air never did anyone any harm.

EVELYN: I do actually feel rather well.

ROSSITER: And you look radiant. I've seen a change in you these past weeks, Evelyn, like something has been lifted.

EVELYN: I feel, I feel alive. It seems that recently all I'll seen and thought about is death. My own or other people's.

ROSSITER: Did you lose somebody?

EVELYN: Two people I knew died, yes. Two young people. People I thought I could have helped. But he let them die instead.

ROSSITER: He? You mean the Doctor.

EVELYN: He let them, we let them die. I had to let them, oh, I don't know.

ROSSITER: To live after others die can be a painful responsibility.

EVELYN: I know. And it's a responsibility some carry more easily than others. He never stops to grieve.

ROSSITER: After my wife passed, I spent years thinking there must have been something I could have done. Why did I simply let her go so easily? Why hadn't I fought? But we can't always fight. Sometimes things come along that are just bigger than we are.

EVELYN: I can't always win.

ROSSITER: No, you can't always win. We learn to internalise grief. I felt my wife's death as keenly after ten months as after one, and it'll be the same after ten years as after one. But who's to say that you would see it? The Doctor grieves, Evelyn, believe me.

EVELYN: You're right. Of course, you're right. But he can feel so, so cold.

ROSSITER: That's the man he is.

EVELYN: Yes. That's the man he is. I'm learning that. Can I accept it? Oh, do you know what I want now?

ROSSITER: I shudder to think. Can I have three guesses?

EVELYN: A paddle! (laughs)

ROSSITER: Remarkable woman. (laughs)

POKOL: Plenipotentiary Suskind, may I have a word?

SUSKIND: What is it now, Pokol?

KRISZTINA: I must say, you're looking extremely handsome in your dress uniform, Corporal Reid.

DOCTOR: Krista.

REID: Thank you, Princess. I notice that your own dress reveals a certain effort of undertaking on your part also.

KRISZTINA: This little thing? It hardly feels as if I'm wearing anything at all.

DOCTOR: Er, yes. Your Highness, Corporal Reid feels you're bearing the burden for us all.

KRISZTINA: (sotto) Doctor, can I really not kiss him when he thanks me for the medal?

DOCTOR: (sotto) You most certainly cannot. Oh, you two will be the death of me. And in any case, at the moment I'd actually be more worried as to why our Mister Suskind is so happy. And where Commander Pokol is off to in such an agitated state.

KRISZTINA: (sotto) Suskind's been against the formation of the Kingdom Alliance since the committee stage. I still say he's behind the anti-union demonstrations.

REID: (sotto) That's a little paranoid, isn't it, sweetheart?

KRISZTINA: (sotto) Perhaps.

DOCTOR: (sotto) I don't like this. I'm going to check on Pokol. (normal) Sorry. Excuse me.

SUSKIND: Going somewhere, Doctor? Perhaps I'll join you.

DOCTOR: Oh, but surely, as the Melendian representative, you wouldn't want to miss the presentation. Hmm?

KRISZTINA: Eh? Oh. (into microphone) Ladies and gentlemen of the military. When one person saves the life of another

DOCTOR: Goodbye, Suskind.

SUSKIND: Do what you want, Doctor, but you may find events will outpace you.

DOCTOR: Now where did? Ah ha.

POKOL: Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT [OC]: Commander.

POKOL: Take the men over to the Palace and get into the Doctor's classroom. Suskind's authority should pretty much give you access anywhere. You're looking for letters. They're in, they're in the Princess's astronomy homework. Okay?

LIEUTENANT [OC]: What?

DOCTOR: Oh, no. How?

POKOL: Just do it, Lieutenant, and tell me as soon as you've got them. I have to set up the video conference this end for Suskind. I want to hear from you before we start. Out.

DOCTOR: Commander Pokol, you blinkered military fool. You don't know what you're involved in.

POKOL: Doctor. Well, I know that you've been passing letters between the Princess and that bloody grunt that saved her.

DOCTOR: How? How'd you know?

POKOL: Let's just say I woke up and smelled the roses.

DOCTOR: What?

POKOL: Ah, come now, Doctor. We've heard everything you've said since this morning.

DOCTOR: The button hole? Oh!

(Stomps on the flower.)

POKOL: All arranged marriages off, wouldn't you say, once we have the proof?

DOCTOR: Listen to me, you. Look!

POKOL: What's that?

(Scuffle.)

DOCTOR: Now just wait. I've got your charge stick or whatever this thing's called. No, I think we'll leave your gun just where it is, don't you? I believe this packs quite a nasty electrical punch, so I suggest oh!

(Scuffle, sizzle.)

POKOL: Bit of advice, Doc. Never pick a fight with a professional. Now, let's get you out of the way for a bit, shall we? And then we can get the letters and my boss can go about his business of, how does Suskind put it? Oh yeah. Undermining the international political infrastructure.

(Laughing in the surf.)

EVELYN: Isn't it wonderful?

ROSSITER: Oh, look at that horizon. I feel I could just reach out and touch it. I feel I can do anything. Evelyn.

EVELYN: Mmm?

ROSSITER: I want to feel like this all the time. You make me feel like this. I love you, Evelyn. Stay with me. I'm asking you to leave the Doctor.

[Part Three]

(Here are the headlines.)

COMMENTATOR [OC]: Letters indicating a wilful undermining of the political trust by Princess Krisztina of Galen. Minister Mortund has spent the last two days in exhaustive talks, trying to ensure the retention of the cease-fire between. Recent violent demonstrations have broken out between law enforcement and protesters

SUSKIND [OC]: Plenipotentiary of my country's government and speaker for the Crown. However, I hereby withdraw the arrangement of marriage previously consented by my office on behalf of Prince Viktor. Our countries are, regrettably, once again at war with one another.

COMMENTATOR [OC]: The Doctor, ex-Royal advisor, who is said to have been placed unofficial Palace arrest. The Doctor is apparently not allowed to leave the compound. Still raging after three days of renewed conflict. Passed the extradition order of Doctor Evelyn Smythe. Doctor Smythe four days ago appealed against the ruling. Marcus Reid, scandalised ex-lover of Galen's Princess Krisztina, is today heading to the front line. Minister Mortund is recovering in hospital today after a failed attempt on his life. The Doctor was apprehended trying to escape the Palace grounds and has now been placed under close arrest. Recent figures take the death toll on both sides above four hundred thousand in less than two weeks. Finally, after days of legal deliberation, Doctor Smythe's appeal has been denied, and she has been ordered to Kozapen within forty eight hours and return to Galen, where she will face conspiracy charges alongside the Doctor.

EVELYN: Sunset. Peace. Beauty. All just waiting to be destroyed. Oh, I feel so (knock on door) Come in. (door opens and closes) Rossiter!

ROSSITER: Evelyn.

EVELYN: Is there any news from the Cabinet?

ROSSITER: No, no, I haven't spoken to them.

EVELYN: You said you'd

ROSSITER: I said that I'd consider it. But really, Evelyn, I cannot put my country between Galen and Melendia. All my attempts to open peace talks have failed. I can't now side with one or the other.

EVELYN: But there must be a coalition of some kind. There must be an army strong enough to stop the

ROSSITER: Not this again, Evelyn. Strong enough to what? To wipe out the other? Kozapen played a central role in the talks for unification, and the proposal for the arranged marriage, but I won't go to war for either of them.

EVELYN: But you don't understand.

ROSSITER: Evelyn, you have other things to consider. This gentleman is from Immigration Security.

SECURITY: Ma'am.

EVELYN: I'm being extradited now.

ROSSITER: Yes. There's nothing else I can do. I'm afraid he intends to check your handbag if you wish to take it.

EVELYN: Nothing else you can do? It's your country, man. Revoke the extradition treaty or something. I need to be here.

ROSSITER: Why? If you'll forgive a moment of self-pity, I know it's not because of me.

EVELYN: I can't tell you why! I just need to make you see sense, and I can't do that from a prison in Galen.

ROSSITER: Make me see sense? Evelyn, two weeks ago I told you I loved you, and since then you've ignored me other than to beseech me to send my country to war. I don't understand what's happened to you. Talk to me. Please. As a friend. You're obviously under a lot of stress. I'm worried about you.

EVELYN: My feelings are neither here nor there. I know things you don't.

ROSSITER: Then tell me. It's as simple as that. It really is.

EVELYN: No, it isn't. Nothing's simple. And what's happening to the Doctor? Am I still to be refused a

phone call? It's bad enough being under this house arrest.

ROSSITER: With the greatest of respect, I don't think you understand the seriousness of all this. In the eyes of Galen you are a political criminal. Air space of Galen and Melendia's been closed to commercial flights. Immigration Security will take you north to the Galen border by train, and then your own government'll collect you from there. I, I can't go with you to the border.

SECURITY: Your handbag, ma'am.

EVELYN: It's you, Rossiter, who doesn't understand how serious this is. My state of mind doesn't matter. My feelings don't matter. My health doesn't matter. These charges don't matter. The only thing that matters is that you ally with either Galen or Melendia. An established coalition could be the only thing that's able to save all of us.

(Leaves.)

ROSSITER: Oh, Evelyn, what's happened to you?

(Snoring.)

DOCTOR: Oh do be quiet just for a few moments, there's a good chap. Oh, suit yourself.

(Metal door opens, footsteps.)

DOCTOR: Mortund?

SUSKIND: Sorry. Just me. And my friend here. Oh, haven't you heard, Doctor? The Paramount Minister has been shot.

DOCTOR: I take it from the lack of gloating that it was not fatal. And for your information, I hear very little, having been incarcerated here for over a week. What have you done to Krisztina and Marcus? And where's Evelyn?

SUSKIND: How should I know where your little friends are? By rights they should all be down here with the other political prisoners.

DOCTOR: Political prisoners? I passed letters of no political consequence whatsoever, and this poor chap here was part of a demonstration to proclaim the importance of the principles behind the Alliance. Look at him, beaten half to death, probably by that gorilla of yours, Pokol.

SUSKIND: What I see, Doctor, is a dangerous activist who publicly advocated a return to an unstable political system that lasted less than two months, and a man who plotted with one Royal House to deceive another. Tell me I'm wrong on either count.

DOCTOR: What do you want!

SUSKIND: Oh, such an aggressive tone. I heard you'd been asking to see Mortund. I wondered why. Guard, you can leave us now.

DOCTOR: You wondered why? Well, Plenipotentiary, I want to stop the war.

SUSKIND: Why, Doctor, you offend me. I have influence over my own government. You could put your points to me.

DOCTOR: Forgive me, but seeing as it was you who restarted the thing in the first place, I doubted you'd be wanting to bring it to a close.

SUSKIND: I believe that's slander. And you can ask anyone. I as a member of the Melendian government have remained here in Galen, in the very country my sovereign is at war with, to further diplomatic relations. At great personal risk to myself, I might add.

DOCTOR: Ha! Political camouflage. Oh, but seeing as you're here, Plenipotentiary Suskind, stop the war.

SUSKIND: Why?

DOCTOR: Because you can't see the bigger picture, that's why.

SUSKIND: And you can, one presumes.

DOCTOR: Yes. Put aside your own insecurities for a moment and just think, man. Your government and Mortund's control the two largest military forces on the planet. If united, very little could stand against them. So what would a common enemy choose to do?

SUSKIND: To divide the forces.

DOCTOR: Go one better than that.

SUSKIND: To turn our entire military resource against one another. It's an interesting supposition, Doctor, but it is Kozapen that is able to mobilise the third largest army, and Rossiter has neither need nor desire to do so against either Galen or Melendia.

DOCTOR: For a man so esteemed in your own country for your intelligence and incisiveness, Suskind, you really are mind-blindingly stupid.

SUSKIND: I like you, Doctor. You're full of such charm.

DOCTOR: Think, man. Think!

SUSKIND: You can be supposing one of two things, as I see it. A secret alliance of the Republicans led by Rossiter, or an incursion from elsewhere. The first I've already dismissed out of hand.

DOCTOR: And the second?

SUSKIND: The second is interesting from an academic point of view, and one which I admit I had overlooked.

DOCTOR: So, you concede there is a military need for the Kingdom Alliance?

SUSKIND: In a theoretical sense, yes.

DOCTOR: Then stop this war.

SUSKIND: (laughs) No. But thank you for the thought. Goodnight, Doctor. I shall send your regards to Mortund. Oh, and I shall tell Commander Pokol you were asking after him. I'm sure he'd be keen for the two of you to get together again.

(Playing the music box.)

KRISZTINA: Oh! It is time to put away childish things. Oh, Marcus. Oh, I've got to do something.

(Throws box, it starts playing again.)

KRISZTINA: Doctor.

(Makes phone call.)

KRISZTINA [OC]: Garage? Have Jena bring a car round to the back of the Palace.

POKOL: Now where can you be going at this late hour?

KRISZTINA [OC]: And call ahead to the Detention Centre, please. Tell them I'm coming. I'm on my way to the lift now.

POKOL: Let's make this a social occasion, shall we?

REPORTERS: Any comments, Doctor Smythe? Is it true that your Doctorate is fake? What's your relationship with the other Doctor?

SECURITY: No comment. Doctor Smythe has no comment at this time.

EVELYN: Like hell I don't.

SECURITY: Please, ma'am. Don't make this any harder than it has to be. Out of the way, there. I told you, Doctor Smythe has no comment to give.

EVELYN: You're hurting my wrist!

SECURITY: Let's just get you out of the country as quietly as possible, shall we?

EVELYN: I'll give you something to report, you Ah!

SECURITY: Ma'am.

REPORTERS: Do you fear reparations from Galen? Did you have an affair with Governor Rossiter?

KRISZTINA: The Detention Centre, Jena, as quickly as you can. And tint the windows.

(Car leaves, a motorcycle follows.)

(Distant heavy weapons fire rumbles.)

EVELYN: A compartment to ourselves. My, I am important.

SECURITY: Sorry, ma'am, really. It's orders.

(Handcuffs.)

EVELYN: I hardly think that's necessary, do you?

SECURITY: Orders. Now, can I get you anything to eat or drink?

EVELYN: No, no, don't worry about me. You go and have yourself a ball.

(The Security man leaves.)

EVELYN: Don't forget I'm a dangerous political conspirator! (rummages in handbag) Fool. Never handcuff a woman with small wrists. Especially one whose night cream is still in her handbag. Ha, ha, ha! Avon's finest.

(Leaves compartment.)

EVELYN: Now, how does this? Ah.

(Opens external door.)

EVELYN: Well then, it comes down to this. You can jump, which means you either kill yourself or get another chance of saving the entire world, or you can not jump, and die in the genocide that is about to be visited upon this planet. Of course, it's quite possible you could survive that, in which case you could simply wait for your heart to kill you at its own discretion. Oh, sod it.

(Phone rings.)

ASSISTANT: Your call to Melendia, sir.

SUSKIND: Thank you.

MORTUND [OC]: Suskind? Have you forgotten your own country is three hours behind mine? It's the

middle of the night here. In any case, you should be dealing with my deputy, you know. I am still in hospital. Does this concern the war?

SUSKIND: My apologies, Paramount Minister. Not entirely. It's just that I have been pricked by a thought that is proving to be something of an irritation. I thought your opinion would be valuable, especially given our history.

MORTUND [OC]: Riddles, Suskind?

SUSKIND: Name me the benefits of the Kingdom Alliance.

MORTUND [OC]: What?

SUSKIND: Humour me.

MORTUND [OC]: I've years worth of committee papers on the subject in the files. Is this leading anywhere, Suskind, because I happen to be in a great deal of pain.

SUSKIND: I require a précis.

MORTUND [OC]: Economic or social?

SUSKIND: Let us say other.

MORTUND [OC]: I don't understand.

SUSKIND: What other benefit could there have been to our countries that unity would have brought about?

MORTUND [OC]: Well, everything comes under the aegis of either social or economic. Unless, well, there were the plans for the formation of the Alliance Task Force, but that was to be a vehicle for delivering humanitarian aid and policing communities in times of natural disasters. Having both social and economic ramifications.

SUSKIND: But if one were looking for a separate heading in generalisation?

MORTUND [OC]: Well, I suppose you could say military, although the term was never used in committee, as you're aware, being as it was wholly inappropriate.

SUSKIND: Suppose there were a situation in which the term *were* appropriate.

MORTUND [OC]: There wouldn't be. That's the point. Only if one or more of the Republics brought hostile action to bear, and that's unfeasible. Unless you're accusing Governor Rossiter of

SUSKIND: No, no, no. We've been through all that. But if not Rossiter, then who?

MORTUND [OC]: A third party, you mean? None immediately springs to mind. There is none.

SUSKIND: But what is our situation now if one were to exist?

MORTUND [OC]: Then I'd say your clever discovery and manipulation of Krisztina's relationship with Corporal Reid would have weakened both our countries to such a degree that your hypothetical third party could completely take over our infrastructures or destroy us. Now, Suskind, does this have any practical or political implication concerning the war?

SUSKIND: Hmm? No. No, Mortund. A purely academic exercise, I assure you.

MORTUND [OC]: Then goodnight.

(Ends call.)

SUSKIND: Not as blunt a mind as one would have thought from your looks, then, Paramount Minister. So lucky that Pokol didn't manage to kill you after all.

JENA; Princess, shall I

KRISZTINA: No need, Jena, I can manage.

(Motorcycle arrives.)

KRISZTINA: (distant) I'll be out in a moment. Keep the engine running.

POKOL: Anticipating leaving in a hurry, Princess?

(Makes a phone call.)

(Snoring.)

DOCTOR: Spoons were definitely not made for digging steel bars out of concrete. Although, if I could in some way harness your nasal resonance, I'm sure the sonic vibrations could shake it loose in a jiffy. Oh.

(Clanging of metal door.)

DOCTOR: What on Earth? Krisztina? No! Krista!

KRISZTINA: Doctor!

DOCTOR: What's happened? Are you hurt?

KRISZTINA: I didn't know what else to do.

DOCTOR: Calm down, calm down. It's all right. What's happened?

(Rattling of keys.)

KRISZTINA: I've had just about enough of doing nothing, Doctor. My country has been tricked into war, my Paramount Minister has survived an assassination attempt, the man I love has been sent to

the front to be killed, and the only person I trust in Galen has been wrongly imprisoned.

(Opens cell door.)

KRISZTINA: This is the only one of those things I can do anything about. Sorry it took me such a long time realise I had to do it.

DOCTOR: Hey, shh, shh. You've done an exceptionally brave thing. Have you spoken to Marcus?

KRISZTINA: No. I haven't seen him since the award ceremony.

DOCTOR: And Evelyn?

KRISZTINA: She's being extradited from Kozapen today.

DOCTOR: Extradited? Oh. Oh well, at least she'll be near, even if she won't be speaking to me. By the way, what er

KRISZTINA: Oh, the guard. I knocked him out with a dinner tray. And the man on the desk upstairs was too scared to try and stop me on the way in.

DOCTOR: Ah, not just a pretty face then. Come on. I need to contact Mortund. It can't already be too late.

POKOL: It's later than you think, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, Pokol. Look, we haven't got time for this, Commander.

KRISZTINA: How dare you hold a gun on me.

POKOL: Poor Doctor, shot whilst trying to escape. The Princess unfortunately caught in the cross-fire.

DOCTOR: Did Suskind order you to do this?

POKOL: Suskind? I've been telling him all along you should have just been shot.

KRISZTINA: You'll never get away with this, Commander.

(The sleeper stirs.)

POKOL: Is that right?

(Gunshot. Krisztina screams.)

DOCTOR: No!

POKOL: You've taken a weapon from me before, Doctor, remember? Quite embarrassed me when I had to relate the incident in front of the preliminary hearing committee. But, well, maybe I'm just getting old and slow. You seem to have managed to do it again.

KRISZTINA: You're insane.

POKOL: You took my gun, Doctor, and threatened to kill this poor boy if the guard and I didn't let you out.

DOCTOR: The guard. What about the guard?

POKOL: Oh yes. (clatter) I'll be needing your fingerprints on that. Thank you, Princess, for knocking him out. Throats are so much easier to slit when they're not being used for shouting.

KRISZTINA: Oh no!

DOCTOR: It's okay, Krista. It wasn't your fault.

POKOL: After you got out and killed those two, I managed to rush you. You let off a few wild shots, one ironically killing the Princess who had come down here innocently to make you confess to all your sins, before I wrestled the gun from you. You came at me with a knife and, well, Doctor, I'm afraid I had no choice but to shoot you. I believe I shot you, yeah, right between the eyes.

DOCTOR: Pokol, whatever it is you think you're achieving here, I strongly urge you to

(Krisztina does something, gunshot, scream.)

DOCTOR: Krista! You (struggle)

POKOL: You won't use that, Doctor. The last time you took a weapon from me, you chose to take the non-lethal one. That told me a lot about you.

DOCTOR: Shut up, Pokol! Are you hurt badly?

KRISZTINA: I, I don't know. I've never been shot before.

DOCTOR: Don't panic. I'm sure it's nothing. Let me look.

KRISZTINA: I feel fine.

DOCTOR: Oh, no. Into the cell, Pokol.

POKOL: I don't think so. No, you'll have to shoot me.

DOCTOR: Krista, no!

(Gunshot.)

POKOL: No!

KRISZTINA: Get in the cell!

(Footsteps recede, cell door closes. Locked. Krisztina collapses.)

DOCTOR: Krista, let me.

(Rips cloth.)

DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, it's okay. It's okay. Just a flesh wound to your arm. It's not even bleeding much.

KRISZTINA: I'm a hero

DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, you are. But you're one little hero I couldn't bear to lose, so do try not to be one again soon, okay?

KRISZTINA: Sir, yes, sir.

POKOL: Pathetic. You'll never get past the security at the front of the building.

KRISZTINA: Don't listen to him, Doctor. We heroes know a thing or two about escaping.

DOCTOR: Is that right?

KRISZTINA: Just do what I tell you. This is fun.

DOCTOR: Krisztina.

(Alarms sounding.)

DOCTOR: (common thug) One false move now and she gets it, understand? With a muzzle under her chin I can hardly miss, so don't try nothing, got it, er, coppers?

KRISZTINA: Do as he says. He'll do it. He's mad. Mad, I tell you.

DOCTOR: Get in the car, doll.

(In the car.)

JENA: Princess, are you all right?

KRISZTINA: It's okay, Jena.

DOCTOR: Now come on, man, drive!

(Car leaves.)

KRISZTINA: I suddenly feel rather sick.

DOCTOR: Oh shh, I'll look after you. Driver. Jena, is it? Drive us to somewhere I can make a call to Melendia. I've got to try and stop this.

POKOL: Fools! You've let them escape.

(Heart monitor beeping.)

EVELYN: Oh. Where?

ROSSITER: Evelyn, can you hear me?

EVELYN: Doctor?

ROSSITER: No. No, it's Rossiter. You're okay. You're still in Kozapen. You're in hospital. I've been with you all night. It's okay.

EVELYN: I dreamed about the Doctor. He came and spoke to me. Oh, Doctor.

ROSSITER: Shush, shush, shush. Don't fret yourself.

EVELYN: Why am I here?

ROSSITER: Well, for some reason you thought it would be a clever idea to jump off the train.

EVELYN: How long have I been here?

ROSSITER: About ten hours. When your escort discovered you'd gone and you couldn't be found on the train, it was stopped, and they began searching for you back down the line. You'd been lying there for two hours. You're lucky to have sustained nothing more than a dislocated shoulder. At our age we should

EVELYN: Has the invasion begun yet?

ROSSITER: Evelyn, you have to rest.

EVELYN: Listen to me, Governor. Something is going to happen, and it is going to happen soon.

ROSSITER: Evelyn, for you to have done what you did, for you to have risked your life for what you believe

EVELYN: Join the war, Governor!

ROSSITER: You're a driven woman, Evelyn, and I know that you're intelligent and reasoning, and measured in your opinions.

EVELYN: You think I'm mad.

ROSSITER: Not at all. I'm saying that I know you're not mad. But first, I apologise. I did think the stress of the war and the accusations had become too much for you. But now I believe you. I believe there is a fundamentally sound reason why I should send my country to war. You've convinced me. But I need something actual, something with substance, that'll convince my Cabinet. I can't do anything, Evelyn.

EVELYN: But if you believe me

ROSSITER: Show me the evidence, and I'll go to war. I'll go to war for *you*, Doctor Smythe. Just show me the evidence that I need to.

EVELYN: The evidence is coming.

(Street sounds - tram bells, cars etc.)

MORTUND [OC]: Hello, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Mortund? Where the hell have you been, man? We've been trying to contact you all night.

MORTUND [OC]: I have been shot, you know. Look, what exactly do you think you're doing, Doctor? I wake up this morning to nothing but news reports telling me you escaped detention by holding Princess Krisztina at gunpoint! What

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes, it's all true. Now listen to me, Mortund.

MORTUND [OC]: All true? But what

DOCTOR: Listen to me! You're a reasonable man, Paramount Minister. You *must* call a unilateral cease-fire immediately. If we're lucky, there may still be enough time for it to be of some value.

MORTUND [OC]: Am I to understand that if I do not, you are threatening to harm Krisztina?

DOCTOR: What? Well, I suppose that could be assumed to have a certain amount of leverage as a bargaining point. But no, Mortund, I would no sooner harm her than. Well, I wouldn't.

MORTUND [OC]: No, sorry, I wouldn't have believed it of you. I won't insult you by asking if Krisztina is safe. I take it then that she in fact aided your escape.

DOCTOR: Well

MORTUND [OC]: Don't be coy, Doctor. This conversation isn't being recorded. Where are you?

DOCTOR: To tell you the truth, I don't know. We've been moving around the city all night looking for places to contact you from. At the moment we're at a public call point.

MORTUND [OC]: I saw that the car and driver were picked up.

DOCTOR: We abandoned the car around midnight. We've been on foot ever since.

MORTUND [OC]: It must be dawn there now. You'll hardly be inconspicuous.

DOCTOR: Then listen to me. Stop the war, Mortund. You must.

MORTUND [OC]: I'll contact Suskind. The way he was talking last night he may be open to suggestion along the line of a cease-fire.

DOCTOR: Oh, but that could take hours.

MORTUND [OC]: Doctor, I can hardly just stop
(Explosions.)

DOCTOR: Mortund? What's happening?

MORTUND [OC]: It's impossible. It seems to be some kind of space(call ends)

DOCTOR: Mortund? Mortund!

KRISZTINA: Doctor, we should get moving. More people are on the streets. Call him back later.

DOCTOR: Mortund!

KRISZTINA: Doctor?

DOCTOR: The Killoran invasion has begun. There may not be a later.

[Part Four]

KRISZTINA: What? We're being invaded?

DOCTOR: No, not Galen. Not yet. But at what angle did they enter the atmosphere? Considering the planet's angle of rotation, well, it would be logical to assume they'd sweep east to west, assuming they maintain the trajectory. Which would mean they'd cut a swathe across to Galen before turning south to Kozapen. Evelyn.

KRISZTINA: Doctor, you're not making any sense.

DOCTOR: You said Evelyn was being deported yesterday. When yesterday?

KRISZTINA: I think the order said she had to leave by six o'clock in the evening.

DOCTOR: And Kozapen is what, relative longitude, an hour behind?

KRISZTINA: Is Evelyn in danger?

DOCTOR: Well, if you really want to see the bright side, probably no more than the rest of us. The safest place will presumably be the Palace. I assume it has bunkers, shelters, underground defences?

KRISZTINA: Yes, my great-grandfather dug a whole network under the lower annexes. But

DOCTOR: First things first. Let's get you to safety. Then I need to get to the Meledian Embassy and talk to Suskind. And then I need to find Evelyn.

KRISZTINA: But Doctor, we're wanted criminals. The entire security force must be looking for us by now.

DOCTOR: Unfortunately, Krista, I suspect that before the hour is up, our little walk on the wild side last night will be of no significance to anyone. Come on. I'll explain on the way.

(Drinks.)

ROSSITER: Is that better?

EVELYN: Yes, thank you.

ROSSITER: I mean what I said, you know, all those days ago.

EVELYN: I know. There's something I haven't told you.

ROSSITER: And for good reason, I'm sure. You mustn't feel obliged to tell me anything, really. If an old fool falls in love it's no one else's fault but the old fool's.

EVELYN: No, I want to. I'm having to adjust to a great change in my life. You see, I'm dying.

ROSSITER: Nonsense. You just had a bit of a fall, that's all.

EVELYN: No, no, no, I don't mean all this. I mean, oh, sorry, I sound so awfully melodramatic, don't I? Nevertheless, there it is. I am. It's my heart.

ROSSITER: I know.

EVELYN: How on Earth could you? Oh, I'm wired up to a heart monitor.

ROSSITER: The doctors told me. But I didn't know if you were aware of the condition yourself. Does it, er, are you in any pain?

EVELYN: Physically, no. Hardly at all. Not yet, in any case. But emotionally, I find it weighing heavier on my mind. When I first met the Doctor, he was, he was so strange, so exciting. And I forgot about it, or at least didn't dwell on it.

ROSSITER: But recently?

EVELYN: I find myself thinking about things I thought long forgotten. My ex-husband's good points, for a start. Used to take me a week to list three. Now, sometimes I think, in his own way, he's a truly wonderful man.

ROSSITER: I'm sure he is for you to have married him.

EVELYN: Oh, and my mother. I haven't thought about her for, well, too long. You'll never get a boy with your head stuck in a book, Evie. Look at your sister. Look how popular she is. Mary was always her favourite, you know. My mother (cries) Sorry.

ROSSITER: No, no, no, no, shh, come here. You're an exceptionally courageous woman, Doctor Evelyn Smythe. I know a little of what it's like to live with death. I have my daughter to comfort me. She made it easier just by being. Don't imagine you're alone, Evelyn. You have the Doctor, and now you have me. Let me help you. You need people who love you.

EVELYN: I, I haven't told him. I want to tell him, but I can't. I can't.

POKOL: I still say the Doctor's behind this. Sir?

SUSKIND: Don't be ridiculous, Pokol. Whatever personal quarrel you have with the Doctor, do try to keep it in perspective. Do you have the latest field report?

POKOL: Our lads knocked a few of their craft out of the sky, but the situation's impossible. The entire northern provinces have been destroyed. Everything's burning. They strafe everything below them then land and their infantry, they're beasts, man.

SUSKIND: What's the position of our Melendian military?

POKOL: It's stretched too thin. What's not been holed by the Galen army was on its way to strategic points along the front.

SUSKIND: A coalition.

POKOL: Sir?

SUSKIND: Nothing, Commander. Just an idea someone put in my head.

POKOL: What are we going to do, sir? They're heading towards us.

SUSKIND: You and your men are going to do your job, Pokol, and protect *me*. We're going to the Palace.

(Traffic jam. Horns blaring, people shouting.)

KRISZTINA: I see what you mean about people not caring about us.

DOCTOR: Instant news reports breed instant panic.

KRISZTINA: Doctor, if these aliens are coming towards us from Melendia

DOCTOR: I know. I've been thinking about Marcus too. But we don't know where his unit was. He could be completely clear of their corridor of fire.

KRISZTINA: But he'll be ordered to fight them. And if they're as strong as you say

DOCTOR: Don't worry, Marcus is a resourceful chap. He'll make his way back to you. We have to believe that.

KRISZTINA: Yes.

DOCTOR: Come on, we're almost at the Palace.

REID: This is Corporal Reid, sir. You were right. They've left a token force in the city to tie down resistance, but the core of the enemy's just flying right over. I'd say they're heading to the next major population centre. That'll take them over the border and into Galen. We can take them on the ground,

sir. It takes a bit to knock one over, but they die all right. There's just too damn many of them. I recommend getting the hell out of here and back to Galen. I say abandon the line and try to regroup in the capital. Thank you, sir. (into intercom) Pilot, Galen, quick as you can. We're going home,

EVELYN: I seem to be doing this a little too often these days.

ROSSITER: Impossible.

EVELYN: Thank you.

ROSSITER: For listening?

EVELYN: It's the first time I've really told someone. Really told someone. Saying it out loud really does help. I am dying.

ROSSITER: Evelyn

EVELYN: No, it feels good to say it. I've just been running away from it, until now. Like I ran away from the university.

ROSSITER: Like you ran away from the Doctor.

EVELYN: I suppose.

ROSSITER: You're scared, aren't you. Scared he'll forget you.

EVELYN: I was. I realise now that that's what this has all been about. If he can calmly offer me a slice of chocolate cake after seeing, after seeing poor Cassie murdered, well, why should he be expected to remember an old woman like me for long? Selfish, really.

ROSSITER: He doesn't seem to me to be the kind of man who ever forgets.

EVELYN: Perhaps. In my dream last night, he cried. Told me I would always be dear to him. It's made me feel a little better. Oh, neither of us is going to change. We just have to work out a way we can live with each other.

ROSSITER: You sound like an old married couple.

EVELYN: I suppose, in a way, we are.

ROSSITER: Of course, you won't be leaving him.

EVELYN: No. I won't be leaving him. I'm sorry.

(Approaching running feet.)

ROSSITER: Not at all. Not at all. What the?

EVELYN: Oh!

SOLDIER: Governor. Matter of national security, sir. The plane is waiting.

ROSSITER: Wait. I'm not leaving Doctor Smythe.

SOLDIER: Breach of security, sir.

ROSSITER: Nevertheless.

SOLDIER: Take them both.

EVELYN: I'm quite capable of getting out of bed by myself, thank you. Always assuming someone will hand me my clothes first.

(Traffic is at a standstill.)

KRISZTINA: Oh, the main Palace gates. But surely the guards'll stop us?

DOCTOR: Never mind them. Look! Suskind's here, in the grounds by the steps. And he's got his retinue with him. What's he up to now?

KRISZTINA: I can't see Pokol.

POKOL: Doctor! Princess!

(Guns readied.)

KRISZTINA: Doctor, by the gates!

DOCTOR: Pokol, no!

POKOL: You've earned this, Doctor. Yeah, you know, I really don't understand it when people say they have qualms about firing into a crowd.

DOCTOR: Everybody, get down! Pokol, here I am! Here!

(Machine guns, screams. KaBOOM! Pokol screams.)

EVELYN: Well?

ROSSITER: We'll be perfectly safe. We can stay in the air for over a day, circling over the sea. How's your shoulder?

EVELYN: Damn my shoulder. What's happening?

ROSSITER: Some *thing* has invaded the planet. There are alien spacecraft sweeping across the north of the continent. Most of northern Melendia is in flames. Galen's just taken the brunt of the attack. (answers phone) General? Full defence initiatives in every city. National Guard units with ground to air support, and the majority of the regular army to be concentrated round the capital. Yes.

Well, I've spoken to the Commodore and the Flight Commander, and the Navy's been fully briefed and is standing to off shore, and the Air Force is ready to scramble when these things enter Kozapen airspace. The spirit of the people is with you all, General. I'm sure you will. (ends call)

EVELYN: It's not enough, Rossiter.

ROSSITER: This, you were expecting this. This is your proof. How did you know?

EVELYN: It's complicated.

ROSSITER: What do you mean, not enough?

EVELYN: The Doctor says

ROSSITER: The Doctor? You've both been expecting this? Where are you from?

EVELYN: Oh Rossiter, please, just listen. The Doctor says that these aliens are too strong for any single military force on this planet.

ROSSITER: You wanted me to forge a coalition.

EVELYN: You have to take the fight to *them*.

ROSSITER: How can you be certain?

EVELYN: Because it's what the Doctor told me.

ROSSITER: But to leave Kozapen undefended? I said *I'd* go to war for you, Evelyn. Are you asking me to sacrifice my country too?

EVELYN: I'm not asking you to do anything. I'm just telling you what I think is right.

ROSSITER: (picks up phone) Get me the General back on the line.

DOCTOR: Come on, Princess, up the steps. Take my hand. We're almost at the doors.

(Through doors. Breathless.)

DOCTOR: Oh, it's okay. Are you all right?

(Guns readied.)

SUSKIND: Hold your fire.

KRISZTINA: You seem to forget which country you're in, Plenipotentiary.

SUSKIND: I'm sure you can't have failed to notice, Princess, that there doesn't seem to be much left of either of our countries.

DOCTOR: Suskind, call your government. Get the Melendian army to move on the Killorans here in Galen.

SUSKIND: I already have, Doctor. But whether they'll act on the recommendation or not

DOCTOR: Oh, sense dawns at last, does it? Krista, I need to contact Rossiter, find out the situation in Kozapen.

KRISZTINA: Through there, Doctor.

SUSKIND: No, let him go wherever he wishes. We're not enemies any more.

KRISZTINA: Is that what we were, then, Suskind? Enemies?

SUSKIND: Princess Krisztina, I organised the anti-Alliance demonstrations. I tried to have you killed right here in the Palace. I ordered Commander Pokol to shoot Paramount Minister Mortund.

KRISZTINA: I'm sure you'll understand if that doesn't exactly come as a shock to me, Suskind.

SUSKIND: No.

KRISZTINA: I hope you're not looking for my forgiveness.

SUSKIND: No, I just want everything between us to be clear. I'll take the retribution for my actions, but for that day to come we need to work together.

KRISZTINA: A rather dramatic transformation.

SUSKIND: I tried to defeat the Alliance because I thought my people stood stronger in isolation. I couldn't see any good reason for forming a coalition government. What can I say? I was wrong. Men!

Prepare for close to ground assault. Princess, get to safety.

KRISZTINA: Hardly, Suskind. This is my Palace and I'll defend it. Give me a gun!

DOCTOR: Ah, hello, old thing. A Time Lord's Tardis is his castle. No time for reunions now, though, I'm afraid. Now where's the? Ah. (dials) Oh, dead. (Boom!) Krisztina!

(Attacked by a snarling thing.)

SUSKIND: The main doors have been blown off. Stay with me, Princess. Fire!

REID [OC]: Nice flying, Pilot. Keep us away from the main (unintelligible) corridor and keep all comm channels open. I want to link up with any pockets of military resistance that may be down there. If we can, we. The Palace! They're taking the Palace. Stop that order, Pilot. Take us down and take us fast. (normal) Suit up, men, we're going in.

KRISZTINA: We can't hold them, Suskind. There are too many.
SUSKIND: Well, we have a choice of exits. It's your house, Princess. We'll follow you.
KRISZTINA: Wait. They're retreating.
SUSKIND: I think help is at hand.
REID: (distant) To the Princess!
KRISZTINA: Marcus. Marcus!
REID: Krisztina argh!
KRISZTINA: No!

EVELYN: Any news?
ROSSITER: The airborne strike command will be within range of the Galen capital in two minutes. With the help of Galen's surface to air batteries they've already taken out most of the craft that were heading for Kozapen. Not all of them, though. The first naval salvoes are going in, and the remnants of the Melendian armies are coming in from the east. We've got them pincerd.
EVELYN: And Krisztina and the Doctor?
ROSSITER: Nothing. We'll wait until their air superiority's been negated and then we'll turn back towards land and look ourselves.
EVELYN: Oh.

REID: (in pain) I'm all right. I'm all right. Secure the area. I want this place tight.
KRISZTINA: Is it bad?
REID: Is what bad?
(Kiss.)
SUSKIND: They're coming from inside the Palace.
REID: Covering formation, now!
KRISZTINA: Sounds like our heavy artillery has arrived. Hang on.

EVELYN: I can't believe the Palace has been destroyed.
ROSSITER: It's a building. Buildings can be rebuilt.
EVELYN: Yes. Not like all the lives. But it had such vibrancy. Who'll remember that?
ROSSITER: You're a historian, you won't forget. People like you'll teach others, pass on your passion, give us the option to remember or not.
EVELYN: Ultimately, it will be forgotten.
ROSSITER: No, it won't be forgotten. We always remember the things that are important to us, even when they're gone. The things we hold dear are always remembered, for ever.
EVELYN: Thank you. I remember the last time we walked up these steps together.
ROSSITER: Ah, do you?
EVELYN: Yes, I do. So, what is your given name, Governor Rossiter?
ROSSITER: Very well. My mother, you have to understand, had wanted a boy from the beginning of the marriage.
EVELYN: But had had four girls. I remember.
ROSSITER: So when I finally arrived, she apparently, although how much of this is apocryphal on my father's part
EVELYN: Rossiter!
ROSSITER: Very well. Indeed, indeed, yes. Well, when I arrived my mother is supposed to have shouted justice at last, and then promptly and rather melodramatically one suspects, passed out.
EVELYN: And?
ROSSITER: And, and there I was, at last, as she had said.
EVELYN: Justice? Governor Justice Rossiter.
ROSSITER: Technically, yes, but it's not something that one ever answers to.

(Krisztina is crying.)
EVELYN: Oh no.

(Slapping.)
SUSKIND: Doctor. Doctor, can you hear me? What happened?
DOCTOR: One of the Killorans thought he'd asphyxiated me. Luckily I have a rather different respiratory system from his usual victims. It's also rather lucky he didn't decide to snap my neck to make sure of the job. Oh.
SUSKIND: Doctor?

DOCTOR: The Killorans.

SUSKIND: The Killorans are finished. They're still being mopped up all over the continent, but we've crushed their spearhead.

DOCTOR: Where's Krisztina?

SUSKIND: Ah.

DOCTOR: Oh please. No!

(Krisztina and Evelyn are crying.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn?

ROSSITER: Shh, shh.

KRISZTINA: It's okay. It's okay. It's all right, Marcus. We won. Everything is fine. We won.

DOCTOR: Krisztina.

KRISZTINA: It's okay, Doctor. I know he's not asleep. I know he's dead. But it's okay. It's okay. It was our choice. It's okay because this was our choice.

DOCTOR: Oh, Krisztina. No. No. No!

POKOL: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Pokol?

(Gunshots.)

DOCTOR: Oh, not now, man.

SUSKIND: Commander, no!

(Machine gun. Pokol screams.)

SUSKIND: Doctor, are you hit?

ROSSITER: Oh my God, Krisztina. Evelyn, don't look.

DOCTOR: No! No, no, no! This will not happen! This was not meant to happen! Not this time.

EVELYN: Doctor! Rossiter, I

ROSSITER: I know. You have to go.

EVELYN: Goodbye. (kiss)

ROSSITER: Goodbye.

EVELYN: Doctor! Wait!

(Drops Tardis key. Unlocks Tardis.)

EVELYN: Doctor!

(Tardis door closes. Tardis dematerialises.)

EVELYN: Doctor, what are you doing? Were you just going to leave me back there?

DOCTOR: What? I don't. What? They're dead, Evelyn. They're both dead. And it's my fault! Directly my fault!

EVELYN: What are you going to do?

DOCTOR: It mustn't happen. Not this time. Change things. I've reset the time coordinates. We'll land where we did before, but an hour earlier. I'll get to the river and send Marcus up to the Palace. That way he can meet the Princess without ever having met me, and getting those ideas put into his head.

EVELYN: But how

DOCTOR: But nothing! It's time I stopped watching people die!

EVELYN: But your coat, your face, the blood.

DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose I should wash. This isn't right, Evelyn. This isn't the way it should be.

(Leaves.)

EVELYN: But you can't change it, Doctor. You mustn't. Oh. Oh, what can I do? Time coordinates. Time coordinates.

(The Tardis materialises. Door opens.)

EVELYN: Well, it's the right place.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, what are you doing?

EVELYN: I'm just er

DOCTOR: Never mind, never mind. Come on. The river is this way.

DOCTOR: The bridge is just over there. Marcus should already be waiting for Krisztina on the other side.

EVELYN: I can't see Marcus. There's a couple on the bridge, though.

DOCTOR: We must be early, so we'll just have to

KRISZTINA: Marcus, you little cheat.

MARCUS: I didn't cheat.

DOCTOR: That's Krisztina and Marcus.

KRISZTINA: Did so.

DOCTOR: We must have arrived too late. Unless. No. They're too young. This is five years ago, before Marcus enlisted. Come on, Evelyn. We have to get back to the Tardis. How could I have got the time coordinates wrong?

EVELYN: No, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What?

EVELYN: Look at them. They're in love.

DOCTOR: Yes, they are. And if we don't get back to where we were before, they won't be. They'll be dead.

EVELYN: Doctor, think about it. You can't change it. You can't change it!

DOCTOR: But I killed them, Evelyn. Don't you understand that?

EVELYN: Open your eyes. What do you see?

DOCTOR: I see, I see Krisztina and Marcus. I see two young people in love. I see. I see the potential that I have destroyed.

EVELYN: What potential, Doctor? You didn't destroy anything. You created. You gave them back this love, for however short a period of time. They had no potential. They would have denied their feelings for each other for the rest of their lives, and died miserable, and apart.

DOCTOR: I know what you're trying to do, Evelyn. I appreciate it, but

EVELYN: No, Doctor. This is the bottom line. Krisztina and Marcus are dead. But because of you, they died together. They felt that way again. You gave them that back. What do you want to do, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Actually, if it's all right with you, Doctor Smythe, I'd like to just watch them for a time. Do you think I could?

EVELYN: Yes, Doctor. I think you could.

DOCTOR: Okay, then. I'll just sit here. And watch them. Just for a while.

(Krisztina is laughing.)

EVELYN: We can sit here for as long as you like.

DOCTOR: Tears from the depth of some divine despair rise in the heart and gather to the eyes, in looking on the happy autumn fields, and thinking of the days that are no more. (Tennyson - Tears, Idle Tears) I don't just switch my emotions on and off, Evelyn. It may look as though I do, but I don't. It's not a conscious thing. I can't help the way I am. Perhaps in my next regeneration I'll be different. Perhaps I'll take everything to heart, although, having met me, I'd say that was unlikely. A small type with an odd accent. Not looking forward to that at all.

EVELYN: I'm not asking you to change, Doctor, and I don't actually want you to change. I like you. I want to put all this behind us now. Now that we understand one another better.

DOCTOR: What about you? Will you miss Rossiter?

EVELYN: Mmm hmm. I will. A great deal. He calmed me down, made me see the value in not concentrating on the less important things.

DOCTOR: It's a challenge for me in some ways to travel with you, you know, Evelyn. I mean, I'm so terribly, terribly fond of all my companions. Each of them has been special to me, unique. It's not just anyone I let into the Tardis.

EVELYN: And it's not just anyone who could put up with your mood swings.

DOCTOR: Indeed, indeed. But they've all been, well, I suppose I have to say younger.

EVELYN: Thank you.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, no. Perhaps I mean less experienced. Less well-rounded. I've travelled with my intellectual equals, with my emotional betters, but no one other than you, Evelyn, has been. Well, I've travelled with an American for some time recently, and I'm sure she would have told me the phrase I was looking for, however much it irks me to utter it. It was the whole kit and caboodle.

(Evelyn laughs.)

DOCTOR: Come here, Doctor Smythe. I think we both need a cuddle. And don't think I haven't figured out how we got here, either.

EVELYN: Whatever do you mean?

DOCTOR: The time coordinates?

EVELYN: Ah.

DOCTOR: Now I'm not saying I'm not impressed, but the Tardis is an exceptionally sensitive piece of equipment. She must really trust you to let you maul her about like that.

EVELYN: You know, Doctor, I think the Tardis is the most important woman in your life.

DOCTOR: Well, second-best. You both need a bit of clean, don't you think?

